

The Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

\$2 IN ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL COATE ATKINSON, NO. 112 CHESTNUT STREET, BETWEEN THIRD & FOURTH STREETS, AND DIRECTLY OPPOSITE TO THE POST-OFFICE—IN COUNTING-ROOM ON HUDSON'S ALLEY.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 12, 1830.

VOL. IX—WHOLE No. 463.

FINAL POETRY.

E IN PHILADELPHIA.
ANDREW KILPATRICK, Esq. LAND-LORD AT THE PAGEANT.

Ilia clara Rhodan ant Mytylene.
A large, in lofy dirty,
A famous eastern city,
The British tea to drown,
An ancient story;

between two rivers placed,
My pleasure of your beauty;
A town, where air is stale,
At warm debates,

do their duty.

In those old days,
Never had the prairies
Other modern spot,
Was taken its best—for what?
For drivers, of some.

Washington so gay,
Pomp of court array,
And palaces—
With her Bunker's Hill,
Does first essay'd to fill
Her holy chalyce;

son's blooming maid, whose eyes
Are verie sun supplies
Her human splendour;
Are, where marble frames
To men with deathless names,
To defenders;

These, I must declare,
Delphi can compare,
Grecia's lovely borders—
Truly would require
All Pindaric fire,
For recorders.

Winds sometimes restrain
The storms and showers of rain,
The fate of heaven;
Some merry hours
Are frequent storms and showers,
To forgive.

S' ACAD.
Tim Bidde, had
A pianofio old did,
And strancons,
Would allow a cent
Spent in merriment,
In more suspitions;

W'd to run away,
To some friends one day,
In their condition;
As ever met,
Run their throats to wet,
Are their ambitions.

said he, "if you're agreed,
I'll proceed;"
Says a dollar,
Yes, why then we'll try,
Raise a new supply,
Bumper collar!

Discord that gloomy air,
We never sleep at noon;
Our bower;
We receive our pay—
All get drunk to-day,
Sea-to-morrow."

ode.—Why of note,
Had little wet his throat
And eyes all gree;
He slipped on fast,
To start at last,
My Bullion Inn."

and be considered an allusion to a re-
city, I wish it to be understood,
A nine-pipe alloy is so called, "where



BEAVER DAM.

The annexed cut exhibits a very interesting view of the habitations of that class of animals commonly called beavers, known in natural history of the genus Mammalia, and order Glires. We shall not describe the particular generic character of these animals, of which there are two species. The color of the beaver is generally of a deep chestnut, sometimes entirely white, less rarely completely black. It is about three feet long in the body, and its tail about the length of a foot, and by its peculiarity distinguishes this animal from any other quadruped. It is of an oval form, and flat, with a slight convexity towards the base, destitute of hair, and completely covered with scaly divisions. The ingenuity and industry of the beavers, in the construction of their cabins, have been attested by many respectable eye-witnesses, whose travels have been published in the world and remain uncontradicted. The provident foresight of these animals, and the policy of their colonial government, from no other

principle than natural instinct, reflects much credit upon them, while, at the same time, it throws a deep shade over the march of human intellect in several stages of society. The order of their architecture, and the domestic government of their colonies, seem to constitute a model for the rude and uncivilized members of the human family. That uniformity and close adherence to rule pervades in all their movements from which they have never been known to deviate, and affords a moral lesson, upon which also human intellect, properly employed, might be very properly exercised. The Indians have a tradition among them, that beavers once had the gift of speech, but that on account of their superior wisdom, they were deprived of that faculty, lest they should get an undue ascendency over the human family, and whose prerogative. An interesting account of a beaver colony from the pen of a learned traveler, who was an eye-witness to what he described, was published in this paper of the 27th of February last.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY—NO. 3.

As I was presented from hearing the lecture in which our philosopher denounced the Jewish code of morals, I must of course, pass that over, sub silentis. An opportunity, however, was afterwards afforded me for attending to some strictures on the character and principles of the Founder of Christianity.

Among the most celebrated sceptics, ancient or modern, very few have appeared who have not voluntarily done homage to the moral purity of Jesus, with regard to both his precepts and his practice. Rousseau's eulogy on the prophet of Nazareth, is well known; and furnishes a striking contrast with the hypercriticisms of the lecturer. It is a trite but a true remark, that it is the easiest thing in the world to find fault; and our peripatetic has furnished us with abundant evidence of the fact. For this purpose, he seized upon one of the most pious injunctions in the Bible, on which to exercise his wit and ingenuity. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," it seems a very unphilosophical command: "for," said he, "if God were of himself lovely, there would be no occasion to command us to love him;—we could not help entertaining the feeling of love for him." Capacious sophist! And is not God a benevolent Being? Is he not the Author of every good? Has he not placed us in a beautiful world, filled with every thing calculated to delight the senses? Has he not endowed us with the noblest facilities of body and of mind, and does he not minister to their gratification in a thousand ways? Has he not implanted in us tender and social affections, which are the source of indescribable happiness? And is he not then good? But do all men, even those who are impressed with these truths, therefore love him with all their souls? and do they give proof of it, by loving and doing good to one another? It would be a happy thing, indeed, if there were no occasion to reiterate, again, and again, "Love the Lord thy God."

But the lecturer, it seems, could not help acknowledging that Jesus was a very good sort of a man; that he was a very excellent character for one who was such an enthusiast; and though, like all other men, he was sometimes wrong, his errors were those of the head, and not of the heart. Excellent casuist. But mark! If the Messiah was not divinely commissioned to reveal the word of truth; if he did not actually "work miracles," and thereby prove that his doctrine came from heaven—then, I say he was not a good man; then he is a deceiver, an impostor, and a liar! The goodness of his character, and the truth of his religion, must stand or fall together. He was no common character; there was no medium in it. If his doctrines were true—and he knew whether they were or not—he was indeed a good man; but if they were false, then the whole of his ministry was a tissue of deception, of arrogant presumption, and of blasphemy. It is therefore a positive contradiction to say that Jesus was a good man; if he promulgated a false religion! Let the sceptic, if he has any regard to consistency, look to this, and he will find himself compelled to examine the ground on which he stands.

It is, I believe, a curious fact, and one deserving of notice in this connection, that no atheist can be found who is generally acknowledged to be well acquainted with the evidences in favor of christianity—not one who has industriously and critically examined all the agreements in support of the authenticity of the sacred scriptures. Neither Gibbon nor Paine dared to reply to Watson; and I know not that a single infidel or sceptic has ever had the courage to follow "Paley's Evidences." Dr. Franklin, it is well known, was a long time subject to sceptical impressions; but the philosopher was too honest not to confess (as he did to Dr. Priestley) that he had not carefully examined the subject. If every unbeliever in christianity were as conscientious as the venerable Franklin was, I believe we should have similar acknowledgments from all of them. It is not unimportant here to add, that some books, furnished by Dr. Priestley, appear to have operated an entire change in the religious views of the American philosopher. On a comparison of dates, I have recently discovered that, about two years after the above acknowledgment was made, Doctor Franklin moved, in his place in Congress, that the chaplain of the House should be requested to address the Throne of Grace every morning during their deliberations. While urging his reasons in support of the motion, the Doctor causally adverted to his belief in the christian religion.

LAIUS.
In reference to the religion of Thomas Jefferson, the editor of the Essex Gazette, who is a member of the Society of Friends, holds the following language:—

"Whatever may have been the speculative belief, Thomas Jefferson was not a practical infidel. He respected and loved the free exercise of rational religion. He was not the bigot of an exclusive creed; but his spirit rejoiced at the privilege which those around him enjoyed, of worshipping their Creator according to the dictates of their own consciences."

In support of this opinion, the Gazette publishes a letter from Mr. Jefferson, addressed to Mr. Canby, who was himself a religious man, an extract from which is conclusive as to the character of Jefferson's religious tenets, and cannot fail to be acceptable, and win admiration from the reader. He writes:

"An eloquent preacher of your religious society, Richard Mott, in a discourse of muchunction and pathos, is said to have exclaimed aloud to his congregation, that he did not believe there was a quaker, presbyterian, methodist, or baptist, in Heaven—having paused to give his audience time to stare, and to wonder, he said, that in Heaven, God knew no distinction, but consider'd all good men as his children and

brethren of the same family. I believe with the Quaker preacher, that he who steadily observes those moral precepts in which all religions concur, will never be questioned at the gates of Heaven, as to the dogmas in which they differ; that on entering there, all these are left behind us; the Arminians and Calvinists, Presbyterians and Baptists, will find themselves united in all principles which are in concert with the reason of the supreme mind. Of all the systems of morality, ancient or modern, which have come under my observation, none appear to me so pure as that of Jesus. He who follows this steadily, need not, I think, be uneasy, although he cannot comprehend the subtleties and mysteries erected on his doctrines, by those who, calling themselves his special followers and favourites, would make him come into the world to lay snare for all understandings but theirs; these metaphysical head, usurping the judgment seat of God, denounce as his enemies, all who cannot perceive the geometrical logic of Edipus in the demonstrations of St. Athanasius; that there are one, and one or three, and yet that three are not one, nor the one three. In all essential points, you and I are of the same religion, and I am too old to go into the inquiries and changes as to the unessential."

Repeating therefore my thankfulness for the kind concern you have been so good as to express, I salute you with friendship and brotherly love."

For the Saturday Evening Post.
It seems long to have been considered a moot point in philosophy, whether the sweet or the bitter prevailed in the cup of life; the fallacy of which dance before the eyes of youth, has long been a standing topic of declamation until it would seem as though our sad philosophers, like Basæs, derived a peculiar complacency and gratulation in contemplating the eloquence with which they bewail human calamity. It is certain, however, that there is no passion of the human heart so intoxicating, so universal, so irresistible, as the passion of love—none whose disappointment writhes the heart with more cutting anguish, and blights and sickles every earthly charm. Perhaps there is no more pregnant instance of the heart's withering agony of disappointed love, than that which is recounted by Monsieur de Florian in the notes to his "Precis Historique sur les Mœurs," a translation of which I shall subjoin. "The passion of Peter I. king of Portugal, for Ines de Castro, was carried to such an excess, that it extenuates if it does not excuse the atrocities he perpetrated upon the murderers of his mistress. These assassins were three of the principal grandees of Portugal; their names were Gonzales, Pacheco, and Coelle; they stabbed Ines to the heart in the arms of her women. Peter, who was then only prince of Portugal, seems from that moment to have lost his reason; the mild, amiable, and virtuous disposition which before distinguished him in the eyes of his people, was from that instant converted into a sour, ferocious and sanguinary spirit of tyranny, bordering on insanity. He took up arms against his father; he carried fire and sword into the provinces where the domains of the monarch... and, upon his accession to the throne, he stoned Peter the First, King of Castile, the murderer of Gonzales and Coelle, who had fled into his realm for refuge. Pacheco was in France, where he died. Peter, now master of his enemies, caused them to undergo the most horribly cruel tortures; while still alive their hearts were torn out, and the king himself was present at this shocking spectacle. Having thus glutted his revenge, this amorous monarch, madened with grief and rage, actually disinterred the corpse of Ines, attired her in magnificent robes, set his crown upon her livid and disfigured brows, and compelled the grandees of his Court to come and render her homage."

Written for the Casket.
CONCLUSION OF THE TALE OF
Clement Meyerfield and Clara Isomeana.

January 13th, 1797, Urranza Isomeana, with his children, sailed from Constantinople on their voyage to Smyrna, and by a freak of fortune Ibrahim was a passenger in the same vessel.

The intention of the renegade was to visit and prepare Clement for the change in his fortunes; and as at that season vessels leaving Constantinople were rare, he was compelled to go by the route of Smyrna. Sailing slowly down the Marmora and the Hellespont, Ibrahim put his powers of insulation once more to the trial, in procuring the confidence of his fellow passengers.

He found by their conversation that the memory of the family of Meyerfield was vividly and gratefully cherished. With that deep attachment which so many cover under levity, and which so often masks avarice, Ibrahim under the apparent pelf of a Turk, gained all he desired to know of the family of the Isomeana, without exciting in any of the members of that family the smallest suspicion that he ever knew Clement or his parents personally. He discovered that of all persons he was the most welcome to them.

This examination gave time to the pirate to gain the pass between Salmadori and Scio, and it was before the wind. For once the way pirate was in a fair way to fall an instant victim to his contempt of Turkish navigators. Roselle was exposed no colors, and as the Yellow Eagle came up the strait she was at first mistaken for a Turkish vessel, but her superior sailing undeceived the pirate. The valuable effects and money had already been secured, and the prisoners might be exposed to a terrible death save the pirate from instant capture, as Niphon insisted on himself visiting the burning vessel. Clement was restrained by main force from being of the party.

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bro's disciples, impaling may be a mitigation of his fate."

The storm and the pirate came together, and night soon followed. Happily the wind ranged the north-east, and Ibrahim, who now conducted the vessel, laid her to the southward, with a view to reach the small group of Spaldon, between the peninsula of Chelone and the island of Scio. This was effected as if by a miracle, and next morning discovered their pirate enemy about a quarter league, bearing down upon them. The captain now, as senseless from terror as he was from wine the day before, left the command to Ibrahim, who made every effort to reach Porto Delfino, in the island of Scio, about three leagues distant, but the superior sailing of the pirate defeated the exertions of the merchant vessel.

"We may as well die with arms in our hands as be massacred by those monsters," said Niphon, as his weeping, terrified sister, who had been made acquainted with the relation between them, hung on his arm.

"Our resistance," replied Ibrahim, who with steely eye was viewing the approaching horde of cut-throats, "will only exasperate their fury."

There was little time to deliberate; the pirate ran alongside, and grappled the merchantman, and instantly upwards of twenty armed blood-suckers were on her deck. Their commander, with the body of a Hercules and the look of a leviathan, seized the steering oar, and a blow from her bro's hand was returned by another, and Niphon was hurled into the waves, and all resistance ceased.

In the confusion of the moment, the pirates paid no further regard to Niphon, who, an excellent swimmer, was but little stunned by the blow, and, recovering his presence of mind, swam along the foredeck on deck. Their commander, with the body of a Hercules and the look of a leviathan, seized the steering oar, and a blow from her bro's hand was returned by another, and Niphon was hurled into the waves, and all resistance ceased.

The beauty and innocence of Clara, and the white hair of her father, had made some impression on the hearts of even their nefarious captors; but the ultimate safety of the prisoners was secured by the pressing danger from the French cruiser, and the presence of mind of Ibrahim. The roncado, enhanced by a life of incessant change, was equally collected in safety or danger.

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Zimmerman, in his Essay on Solitude, has long since recorded an observation of Count Lippe-Bückeburg, that the extreme of safety and danger has the same effect on the human mind. In the present case the truth of the observation was fully sustained. Two men, whose whole earthly happiness was at stake, were restored to instant calmness. Clement had rode from the city of Scio that morning, and had an excellent horse, on which both mounted, and in less than an hour reached the city again. The distance was about ten English miles. Happily there was a French ship of war in the harbor, which had come in a few days before. Clement had made some acquaintance with the young captain, who, light of heart, was as brave as—any Frenchman. Without seeing the astonished citizens, who beheld Clement and his companion passing through the streets at full gallop, both reached the harbour, and hailed the "Aigle Jaune"—Yellow Eagle. Their gestures and cries gave alacrity to the active Frenchmen, and they were in a few moments on board.

"For God's sake, my friend," exclaimed Roselle, the French captain, "what is the accident or danger?"

In a few but impressive words, Niphon explained the case to Roselle, and in a very few minutes more the wings of the Yellow Eagle were bare before the wind. For once the way pirate was in a fair way to fall an instant victim to his contempt of Turkish navigators. Roselle exposed no colors,

them, hailing down with loud shouts and full sail, their terrible enemy, the Yellow Eagle.

Ibrahim always afterwards expressed his opinion, that, if a moment of reflection had been permitted them, their prisoners would have been massacred; but the danger came too rapid and overpowering, and the issue of the contest already decided.

Clement and Niphon burst into the cabin together, where, interlocked in each other's arms, sat the trembling father and daughter.—“Receive our souls, thou God of mercy,” fervently breathed Ismeana, as he pressed his child and hid his face from the expected stroke.

“My father, my sister,” exclaimed Niphon, throwing himself at their feet, “you are safe, you are free!”

“We are safe and free,” replied Ismeana.—“Oh, my son—can that be my son?”

“It is your son, both your sons,” rejoined Niphon; “here is Clement raised from the dead.”

“Oh, I am indeed in the heaven of the blessed,” sighed Clara, wildly, raising her head and gazing around her. “I hear the voices of my father, brother, and my Clement.”

“Yes, my Clara, you do hear the voice of your Clement,” and once more she was enclosed to his bosom, as Ibrahim with most heartfelt joy surveyed the group.

Whilst this too joyous scene passed in the cabin, captain Roselle was enacting a high part on deck, laughing, singing Ca Ira, and jeering the poor liberated Greek captain and his crew, as they were introduced to day light from the hold of the pirate.

“My good friend, I am sorry to raise you from sleep, so far from home,” roared Roselle to the bewildered Greek captain. “You have had a fine passage through the Cyclades, and half round the Peloponnesus; where do you suppose you are now?”

“In the land of the living,” replied the Greek, with more naïveté than could be expected.

“Yes,” replied Roselle, and for which the Grand Seigneur will never be sufficiently grateful, I fear; but here is a swift sailor to carry you back to Constantinople, from where, if you take my advice, you will remain until—until you learn to go to sea.”

Whilst these arrangements were made on deck, the party in the cabin had regained a small share of their senses, and by aid of Niphon and Ibrahim, their effects and money were removed from the pirate vessel to the Yellow Eagle; and the former, with all she contained, abandoned to the poor plundered Greeks, who made out, in the course of the winter, to reach the Bosphorus.

The wounded men dressed, and the dead consigned with due honours to the deep, with every other necessary order given, Captain Roselle stood in and rode out the heavy sea of the night after the battle, in a small harbour of Cephallenia. The next day the wind shifted to the south-west, and Roselle, addressing Ismeana, observed, “I have to visit Corfu before my return to France, and as I am so near, if not inconvenient, I would prefer doing so now.”

Ismeano replied, “I have some mercantile concerns to settle at that place, and have therefore no objections to such a course.” It was then agreed to, and the wings of the Yellow Eagle once more expanded, and next morning they were safely moored in the harbour of Corfu.

Ibrahim had informed Clement of the interest taken in his fate by the Prussian ambassador; that his return to Poland was open, and that for reasons he could not explain, the Prussian agents were anxious for his return. To these unexpected changes of fortune Ibrahim sat before him the joy of his parents, and the happiness of bearing to them such a daughter as Clara. A long, and we need not say, interesting conversation took place between Clement, Clara, and Ismeana, and their former, and next morning when they were to proceed to Corfu, from whence they were to proceed to Constantinople, and concert further measures with the Prussian ambassador.

On a soft winter morning the Yellow Eagle was at anchor before the town and harbour of Corfu, and preparations making to land the Ismeana family, as Roselle facetiously called his passengers. A pilot conducted them to shore, where they were met by an officer, who escorted them to the government hall, where, among a crowd which had been attracted by the intelligence of the arrival of the Yellow Eagle, and the interesting events of her cruise, entered a foreign officer. Their eyes met. Clement—Rosella—were exchanged. “Was it my beloved friend,” most earnestly breathed Rosella, “who was thus snatched from ten thousand deaths?”

“They were your friends,” replied Clement, “and here is their gallant deliverer,” presenting the really noble looking Roselle, who, blooming in youth, embrowned by exposure to the sun, and now animated by a well deserved inward joy. It was seldom, indeed, in the history of human vicissitude, that a more attractive group was ever formed. The venerable, tall, and stately Ismeana, his son, and his son’s son, under whom, under the novel circumstances of the case, the moment silenced all other subjects of discourse at Corfu.

The ceremonies of public reception being finished, Rosella, bowing to Ismeana and his daughter, smilingly observed, “My friend Clement and myself have to settle which of us are to sustain the heavy charge of—” here he paused, and then resumed, “While the dispute is pending, there is another person to consult—my father.”

Rosella now led the wondering party to the skirts of the town, where, embrowned in an orange grove, rose a rustic but elegant little nest, into which they were led, and in which advanced to receive them Labanon Kheilimben—Here, in a recess of the island of Corfu, the events of the past years were recalled, and a more smiling futurity opened to one family, whilst clouds and long-tended exile hung on another.

The Kheilimben had made arrangements to remove to the United States, and after the departure of their guests, only a few weeks intervened until they had passed the herculean gates and the shores of Europe were lost to their view. Let us now follow the family of Ismeana and their friends.

After a few days’ repose at Corfu, the French captain sailed for Smyrna, where he anchored safely in the latter end of February, and where he received the most valuable of all rewards—the gratitude of those worthy to be grateful, and in a few weeks heard of their safe arrival at Paris.

Clement and his now betrothed Clara were received in the opera-house of the Prussian ambassador. “You have led us all a fair chase, young man,” said the ambassador, “and have much to report; but we may hope this goes (pointing to Clara) will be your ransom from future exile. And Ma’mie Ismeana, what do you think of the gem you have received from the field of battle?”

To this retort, so long delayed, Clara blushed, and was silent; but her father, with tears of gratitude, pressed the hand of the ambassador, saying, with strong feeling, “Let my child be safe in safety in the castle of Meyerfield, in Christian, civilised Europe, and my gray hair will go down to the grave in peace, and my heart will, in its last pulse, bless the king and people who have given her protection.”

The next day after this happy interview, Clement and Clara, in the Prussian chapel at Paris, and in the presence of the ambassador and suite, her father and brother, and Ibrahim, were united to an even brighter life. Enjoying safety,

castle of Meyerfield, and the still disconsolate parents.

The spring of 1797 was far advanced, and the third year was nearly closed since the fatal news reached them that their sweetly beloved son lay cold and unburied on the field of death. The afternoon was hazy, as the countess, with an unusually cheering smile, invited her husband to a seat in the porch, commanding a distant view of Riwita, and the fine lines of trees between the city and castle.

“I know not why, my husband, but all this day my heart has been remarkably light and joyful,” said the countess. “I can even think without a tear on Clement.” “Is not that a carriage?” interrupted the count. “It is, my Severina, and it is the carriage of—yes, I may call him our friend—the marquis of Luecheinai. Your spirits have been infused into my bosom, Severina, but I hope no or calamity may check our lightness of heart.”

Here Luecheinai advanced, and was received and ushered into the hall. Sweeping his eye round the sare curtains, and other indications of mourning, he playfully observed, “My friends, why this preservation of painful remembrances? are our joys to be fleeting, and our griefs lasting as life.”

“Is there not often the highest enjoyment,” merrily observed the countess, “in the indulgence of some sorrow?”

“There may be such an enjoyment,” replied the marquis, “but for my part, if I had lost a child, and I was mourning over the bereavement, I would very willingly give up the joy of grief for that of seeing my restored son.” As the last words were pronounced with a marked emphasis on his auditor, whilst taking from his servant a very richly encased casket, which he placed before the astonished countess, handing her a gold key. “Please open that case, madam, and let me see its contents.”

The countess opened the casket, and, as the lid fell back, a scream of uttermost surprise escaped her. The first object which presented itself was a very richly set miniature of herself, which had been lost at a ball given in Berlin, by Frederick William II. when prince royal. The second was an envelop of velvet, on which, in the hand writing of the king, was a full pardon for the minister and courtier, I will for once be a man.”

“What mean—thi all this?” earnestly demanded both the count and countess.

“I could never boast,” smilingly replied Luecheinai, “of being very clear in verbal explanations, but one will soon be here who can better supply my awkwardness; and this evening away the minister and courtier, I will for once be a man.”

The whole of this scene was appalling. Our nerves trembled, and as we reflected on the wretched condition of these poor victims, we actually shrank with a sympathetic tear, at sight of which a ragged urchin, who stood near us, thinking us to be very charitable, begged a few pence for his mother, whom he represented as being sick and in great distress. We could not refuse the poor boy a trifle, and so we gave him a hearty kick, at the same time bidding him and his mother to get to the devil, to whom, by-the-by, we said all unmanly paupers ought to be sent.

“Little children should not be seen.”

The rest of the family were variously occupied in pandemoniac exercises, cursing, swearing and endeavoring to beat the unfeeling air, while their cries almost roused the dead, who were sleeping in the adjoining Potter’s field.

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PHILADELPHIA:

JAY, JUNE 12, 1830.

CORRESPONDENTS.
Send us another copy of his
Arch for them in our drawers,
dred papers, would be somewhat
pleasurable.

With only the three last words of
ten lines on death—"It is hor-

ble blank verse, called "The Dead
too blank for our purpose. This,
aicle on the grave of a mother,
the filial and parental af-
writers, but do not evince much
composition.

The "Mifflord Bard," is again wel-

"Kelpie," "Jabus," and "Or-
der consideration. "Bradward-
or John," and a few others, are
a seculorum. We cannot easily
to the place from whence they
will send them to "the place of
our coal slate.

or School Master," may be a true
believe it is not a new one. Not

day the foot at home."—HAMLET
ERASMUS J. PEIRCE.

Governor WOLF has issued a proclamation,
offering a reward of fifty dollars for the apprehension
conveyed in the above line.
the public for his audience; and, in
remonstrated for his trouble, he ac-
a high price for the privilege of mak-
ing—such is the love of fame,"

(says the advertisement,) that the
Post should have mistaken his
any thing it might easily be
any think, but wit, humor or sense,
ed anger in his childish days,"

some other childish propensities did
by the discharge," and consigned
of fools."—His title deeds for the
that passion" are most excellent.

us to examine our own bosom;
ire, be consistent—just now, we
we had too much good nature,
some verses in the advertisement;

among the wits? We have not
act the whole of this poetical effu-
are the concluding lines, speak-

her weeps, his eyelids close,
her little shadows his repose."

lita! good heavens! what a monu-
the sombrellis in a small para-
venient article in warm weather;

Mr. Peirce in his establishment some
the kind to keep off the influence of
has he, advised him to use it con-
he is glad we have struck the pirate
ocracy," (we have never boasted the
ocracy." He wishes to fight in the
eration;" what a disinterested cham-

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The transactions in su-

perfine flour this week have been unimportant,

and in several sales made, a reduction of 12 1/2

cts. per bbl. has been submitted to. Ry. flour

continues scarce, and sales during the week at

28 23 3 1-4. Corn meal is steady at quo-

tations, but sales for this week not large. Ex-

ports of superfine flour from 1st to Sist May,

59,827 bbls., and since 1st January, 129,074

bbls. of which 55,587 bbls. have been shipped to

England.—Philadelphia Price Current.

FORTIFICATIONS.—The Act making provi-

sion for certain fortifications, appropriates for

Fort Adams, \$100,000; for Fort Hamilton, \$86,

000; for Fort Monroe, \$100,000; for Fort Calhoun,

\$100,000; for Fort Macos, in North Carolina, \$86,

000; for Fort at Oak Island, North Carolina,

\$60,000; fortifications at Charleston, South Car-

olina, \$25,000; for Fort at Mobile Point, \$90,

000; for Fort Jackson, Louisiana, \$85,000; fortifi-

cations at Pensacola, \$120,000; contingencies of

fortifications, \$10,000; purchase of a site for a

Fort at Cockspur Island, Georgia, \$5,000.

PENSIONS.—The Act of Congress providing

for the payment of pensions, approved Febru-

ary 30, appropriates for arrearages of 1829,

\$101,700. For paying revolutionary pensioners in

1820, \$966,480. Invalid pensioners in 1829,

\$191,481. Total, \$1,259,661. The appro-

priations for pensioners in 1829, were \$899,497.

ANOTHER GRANDE HAUL.—One hundred and

thirty-three persons, of all colors, ages and de-

scriptions, were apprehended about the Five

Points and the vicinity, on Thursday night, by

Alderman Strong and Mr. Hays, with a retinue

of police officers and watchmen, and committed

to Bridewell as vagrants and disorderly persons.

Many of the colored persons are waiters in sev-

eral of the hotels and private houses, who are

in the habit of passing their evenings in this

sink of pollution.—Yesterday morning they

were brought before the police magistrates and

Alderman Strong, by battalions, and those who

were unable to render any satisfactory account of themselves, were adjudged to take up their abode in the Penitentiary for the term of sixty

days.—Among this wretched crew of vagabonds

were a number of young men of very respecta-

ble appearance, who were found in the district

of the negro hovels, rioting and associating with the blacks, in the most shameless manner.

Upwards of one hundred, two thirds of whom

were colored females, were fully committed to

Bridewell, preparatory to their march to the

Penitentiary.—*Journal of Com.*

A correspondent of the New York Morning

Courier gives the following as the result of the

foot race by Mons. Louis Napoleon, in the Vaux-

hall Garden of that city, on Monday last:

"He went round the garden sixty-six times in

ninety-seven minutes; the circle of the garden is

800 feet, making ten miles and about two fur-

longs. He had engaged, for \$1000, to run over

eighteen miles in one hundred and forty minutes;

but after proceeding in a smart trot during the

ninety-seven minutes, he became quite exhaust-

ed, and was obliged to give in."

The Quarterly Society of the American Education

Society for May, contains a register of all the schools

in New England and New York, with their full sta-

ges, and of the colleges and professional schools through-

out the United States. In the colleges, the total result

of the particulars is as follows.

In Colleges in the United States,

Institutes in the United States,

Alumni living in 26 colleges,

Alumni ministers at 23 colleges,

Ministers living at 21 colleges,

Graduates at 35 colleges,

Seniors at 33 colleges,

Sophomores at 32 colleges,

Freshmen at 22 colleges,

Total at 40 colleges,

Prof. of Religion at 16 colleges,

Do. by Educ. Soc. at 17 colleges,

Medical students at 11 colleges,

Law Students at 5 colleges,

Volumes in 27 college libraries,

Do. in social libra, in 30 coll.,

The following comparative summary is deduced:

East. States—1 student to 1,231 inhabitants.

Mid. States—1 student to 3,455 do.

South. States—1 student to 7,232 do.

West. States—1 student to 6,000 do.

There are 21 Theological Seminaries: 13 report 639

stdnts: 14 libraries have 45,000 volumes.

Turkborough, N. C. June 1.—We understand

that, on Thursday last, in the town of Greenville,

Pitt county, an affray occurred which resulted in

the death of Mr. John Cherry, of that place.

It appears that a misunderstanding existed between

Mr. Cherry and Mr. Dempsey Easton, and on

that day as Mr. Easton was passing the store of

Mr. Cherry he discharged a pistol at him.

MONROE, who regarded it as within his province to direct the execution of persons capitally convicted. While Mr. MONROE's successor was in office, no execution took place upon a conviction in a Court of the United States.

In the present case, the Judges of the Circuit Court have, not therefore, adopted a new course, but have returned to one sanctioned by precedent and long usage.

Yesterday a man about thirty-five years of age, and apparently quite lame, from a club foot, entered the store of Mr. Dito, in Locust street near Ninth. Mr. Dito was in a back room having left the shop in the care of his children. The lame man brought with him a box with the contents of which he amused the children, while he stepped round to inspect the money draw—and removed any small superfluities which might have crept into it; one of the children seeing him so earnestly engaged, gave notice to Mr. Dito. The thief finding himself in danger of detection, left the shop precipitately, and notwithstanding his lameness, ran out Mr. Dito; he was, however, taken and carried before Alderman Badger, who committed him for trial at the Mayor's Court.—U. S. Gazette.

Spottsylvania Gold.—Having heard much of the Gold region.—It is stated in the Massenger, that the most flattering success attends the search after Gold in the Northwest in Georgia. It is generally found within three feet of the surface, in pieces worth from one to ten dollars twenty dollars, though in some mines it is obtained in small particles of dust. It is estimated that the mines, that between three and four hundred thousand dollars worth have been found within a few miles past; but this appears scarcely credible. A number of respectable citizens of Spottsylvania and Putnam county have purchased several tracts of land in the gold region, at about \$10,000 an acre. In some parts, where gold is found, abundant traces appear of its having before been searched for at some remote period.

The following story is of a marvellous character as is almost incredible. It appears in the shape of a communication in the Edinburgh Review, without any indication of its being intended as a play upon popular credulity.

Spottsylvania Gold.—Having heard much of the Gold mine of Captain William F. White, and his brother Dr. E. White, of Spottsylvania county, the author of this induced, through curiosity, to visit their establishment a short time since; and, to his utter astonishment, found them crowned with a degree of success which was incredible. He would not venture to assert what he saw, but for his being sustained by several gentlemen of responsibility. He first visited the washing machine, a simple and neat little establishment, which cost about twenty dollars, situated at one of the finest waterfalls in the whole country. During his stay, he saw about forty bushels of blue clay and slate washed out, which yielded the considerable sum of four hundred dollars of the precious metal; the gold was entirely pure and smooth, and mostly in grains. His curiosity led him to visit the spot from which was taken such valuable clay. He found the diggers in the bottom of a small rivulet, about four hundred yards from the machine, taking out the clay in a decomposed state and pebbly quality, between three and four feet from the surface, and sending it off to be washed. He stayed about three quarters of an hour at that point, and while there, saw twenty or thirty pieces of value dug up by the hoe: he caused one quart of the mud and gravel to be washed, which yielded twenty-four dollars. It had been but a few days that it was ascertained that the branch was so valuable. It is now known from experiment that the rivelot is rich for half a mile in length; as also several others on the farm.—The proprietors had been engaged from the commencement of their mining, in operating on the highlands, and had made about five dollars to the hand per day on an average. The surface on which the gold is found, independent of the streams, is very extensive, which makes this a deposit mine, unprecedented in this or any other country. Those gentlemen deserve much credit for the enterprise and unconquerable perseverance with which they undertook and prosecuted the business. They were the first to make the discoveries, and prove to the world that their section of country was rich with gold.

The United States ship VINCENNES, Captain WILLIAM B. FINCH, arrived at NEW YORK, on Tuesday, in thirty three days from ST. HELENA. The COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER gives the annexed particulars relating to her voyage.—She has been absent three years and nine months, in which period she sailed nearly 70,000 miles. She visited the Marquesas, Social, and Sandwich Islands, and spent five months among those interesting groups, and thence proceeded to Canton and to Manila, and touched at Macao, and the Caps of Good Hope. She left Canton on the 22nd of January, and the Cape of Good Hope on the 19th April. Her officers and crew are all in good health.

On Friday evening, 2d inst., the Rev. Mr. DANIEL W. TILLY, to Miss MAGDALENE LEWIS, Mrs. JOSEPH HUNTER, of Newtown, Delaware County, Pa. to Miss REBECCA PUGH, of Philadelphia.

On Saturday evening, June 10, by the Rev. Mr. WILLIAM H. MORGAN, Jr. to Miss SARAH SMITH, daughter of Francis Smith, all of this city.

On Sunday last, at Tuckerton, by the Rev. L. M. PRETTYMAN, Capt. JOHN G. CRANE, of Monmouth County, to Miss ALVINE S. SAWYER, of the former.

On Sunday last, by John T. Davis, Esq. Mr. WILLIAM CALDWELL, merchant, to Miss MARIA RUCH, all of Berwick, Pa.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. George Lane, Mr. CHARLES SNYDER, to Miss PERMELIA MACK, both of Berwick, Pa.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. M. Force, Mr. DANIEL W. TILLY, to Miss MAGDALENE LEWIS.

On Thursday evening, June 10, by the Rev. Mr. DANIEL W. TILLY, to Miss MAGDALENE LEWIS, TH

